

I am weak; yet dying,  
I murmur not that I no longer see:  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more  
belonging,

Father supreme, to Thee.

Oh, merciful One!

When men are farthest then Thou  
art most near;

When men pass coldly by—my  
weakness shun—

Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face

Is leaning toward me, and its holy  
light

Shines upon my lowly dwelling-  
place,

And there is no more night.

On bended knee

I recognize Thy purpose clearly  
shown;

My vision Thou hast dimmed that  
I might see

Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear.

This darkness is the shadow of  
Thy wing;

Beneath it I am almost sacred;  
here

Can come no evil thing.

Oh, it is great, and there is no  
other greatness—to make one nook  
of God's creation more fruitful,  
better, more worthy of God; to  
make some human heart a little  
wiser, manlier, happier—more  
blessed, less accursed.—*Carlyle*.

There is but one vital question  
before this Territory today and for  
all future time.

Shall we be ruled and dictated  
to, in legislation or out, by the  
*canaille*? Or, from the lowest of-  
fice to the highest shall it be a  
man who makes for righteousness  
—one who is seeking by every act  
and word to help up-lift, up-build  
our beautiful, unique country?  
That is the all-important question  
to put before the President and  
Congress in December. Shall the  
power be granted to the Governor  
of Hawaii to see that good men  
are in office, and that bad men are  
where they have a right to be? Af-  
ter that is settled, in the right way,  
true prosperity will attack us with  
a firm and healthful grip and the  
Territory will move on, at a steady  
pace, to *Statehood*. We can't  
write what would be the dark  
side, if our enemies were to prevail.  
We have faith in an over-ruling  
Providence and look forward to  
"stirring times."

"We shall meet the people who  
are coming to meet us from many  
strange places and by many  
strange roads; and what it is set  
for them to do to us, and what it  
is set for us to do to them will all  
be done." G. P. R. JAMES.

Serene I fold my hands and wait

Nor care for wind, or tide, or  
sea;

I rave no more 'gainst Time or  
Fate,

For lo! my own shall come to  
me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,

For what avails this eager pace?

I stand amid the eternal ways,

And what is mine shall know  
my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,

The friends I seek are seeking  
me;

No wind can drive my bark as-  
try,

Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?

I wait with joy the coming  
years;

My heart shall reap where it hath  
sown.

And garner up its fruit of tears.  
The waters know their own, and  
draw

The brook that springs in yonder  
heights;

So flows the good with equal law,  
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky  
The tidal waves unto the sea;

Nor Time, nor Space, nor Deep  
nor High

Can keep my own away from  
me.—*Burroughs*.

"There's a Divinity that shapes  
our ends, rough-hew them as we  
will."—*Shakespeare*.

It is, to-day, a widely-spread  
and known fact that nowhere in  
the world can be found a race more  
lovable and more loving, fonder  
of the truly beautiful in color and  
in scene, fonder of music and of  
song, fonder of peace, of quiet  
and of comfort than the native  
Hawaiian. They would seek at  
all times the cool and shady spots  
for their home, the lovely valleys  
and resting places near to clear  
streams and trees of their own  
planting. How more than sad  
that so many of them, to-day, are

but vagrants and wanderers in  
their own Hawaii.

The crying, all-important need  
now is to do the best, the very  
best, for the children that they  
may take an honorable place in  
this Territory which will become  
an important State.

Let us anticipate a number of  
Manual Training Schools, Farm  
Schools or whatever name you  
will, provided they do not even  
savor of the country school of to-  
day. We know we shall make  
enemies in what we have to say  
on this subject of vital, paramount  
importance to the native child and  
dear to our heart, but we waive all  
that, having no ax to grind, and  
repeat what we said in the Octo-  
ber issue: let us have an industrial  
school on, at least, five of these  
islands as soon as possible. Ex-  
pensive in the beginning but in-  
come-bringing in the end, and  
more than all money, a saving of  
life and of character.

#### THE HAWAIIAN LIFE-SAV- ING INSTITUTIONS.

"What do I mean by that?" I  
know to the last letter of the Al-  
phabet what I mean.

As things are going now, and  
I do not say that our teachers are  
not faithful for they are, from Sun-  
day morning to Saturday night;  
but as things are, the children will  
not as a rule live out half their  
days. True it is they swim, but  
they do not bathe, do not wash  
properly every day with soap and  
water. They are not groomed in  
a wholesome manner—not at all.

True it is they eat; but, it is  
too much to-day often, and then  
a scarcity for days together.

True it is they sleep; but how,  
and when and where? It is some-  
thing, that alone, worth looking  
into.

Oh yes, I know perfectly what I  
am talking about—know my  
ground and wish it were pleasant-  
er. It is indeed a bitter truth.

Now, some these native children  
under ten years of age know the  
taste of liquor, they smoke, they  
chew tobacco, they use profanity;  
often idle for hours and on the